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WEDNESDAY, - - - OCTOBER 27.

The *Herald's* head-line is, "Guests of the Goddess."

The probabilities are that there will be another strike in Chicago.

Colonel Murat Halstead is mottled over with a dozen or so libel suits.

Take notice that THE TIMES published the report of the Illinois railroad case yesterday.

The goose-quackers who have been talking about Mullen's boom are merely flapping in a muddy pool.

Assembly 49, according to a New York paper, prefers the Black Knight. That's how we seek our level.

A friend desires us to announce that Hon. John S. Wise capped the climax of his retroactive personal evolution of nonsense when he displayed the most sublime inspiration of idiocy in nominating Mullen.

Colonel William C. Beecher proposes to take the family name to find distinction in politics as well as the others have done in the pulpit and in literature.

He is a Prohibition candidate in Kings County, N. Y.

The automaton supple-jack of the recent Billy Mahone, one Pat McCaull, undertook to speak against Staples at Abingdon the other day.

The crowd thought it was a first-class show, consisting of a dismembering of little Pat for fun.

Hon. George D. Wise was at the Democratic headquarters yesterday. He said it was a great mistake, and anything but a compliment to the workingmen of Richmond, to think that they would be put on any line that did not have good, honest principles, and that Democrats know their party doctrine too well to be led off on a goose chase.

It must be very trying to the feelings of the pious Mahoneite who goes vote-hunting and cannot, as of yore, descant on the barrels of boodle in the coffers and the number of offices that the Republicans can give. The colored brother takes a long time to find out what an incontinent fraud and prevaricator the Mahoneite is, but at last the fact is dawning on him.

Our artist is at work on a classic piece which will be a part of the pictorial history of Richmond. It represents a moon veiled with clouds and recognized only by a page of the almanac with the sign of the dollar for the fourth quarter, and in the foreground a Reform Councilman chanting to the dulcet pick of the banjo—

"Pale Moon, to thee I sing,
Chairman of the cloudy night;
Fair Cynthia, you are just the thing
To enter on our books as light."

It is said that a cipher dispatch was received here last night, directed to Waddill and Mullen, congratulating them on the prospects of the canvass.

Here is the dispatch:

"BOOZING KEN,"
PETERSBURG, VA., Oct. 26, '86.

All those who are open to conviction should bear in mind that the prospects of the Coalition-Republican-Mahone party were never brighter than at present. Politics have not left me. BILLY.

BROTHERHOOD OF RAILROAD ENGINEERS.

Chief Arthur, who is so well known all over the country as a wise and conservative man during the trying scenes of the last year, is credited yesterday with an utterance which betokens the honor and character of a sensible understanding of the troubles that environ the labor interest:

"I am one of those men," said Mr. Arthur, "who believe that in every good work the hand of God may be seen." There were present, Mr. Arthur continued, engineers from every State and Territory, the Canadas and old Mexico, and he thought that, taken as a whole, our engineers would compare favorably with any class of men in this country or any other. Twenty-three years ago there were twelve men in the order, and now there were about 20,000. No discussion of religion or politics is permitted in the Brotherhood, but at any rate that did not prevent him telling the men under him to be good. He would like to say that every member was a good Christian, for that, he thought, was the highest type of manhood.

Now, if Mr. Arthur were the head of an order boasting a membership of one million of men ready to obey the order of a chief, we should know that he would hold the good of his people paramount to selfish ambition and salary. The workingmen would be blessed in the wisdom of patriotic counsel, and, like the Brotherhood of Engineers, they would comprehend sound principles and natural laws instead of being misled with sensation.

PROHIBITION IN PETTICOATS.

It is quite safe within the pale of a Southern community to criticise the crank idea of female suffrage, and to typify the same with such nomenclature as Dr. Mary Walker, Colonel Belva Lockwood, and Major Susan B. Anthony, with a delicate suggestion of association of Mrs. Anarchist Parsons, who kicked down the door of a hall at Orange, N. J.

The most startling phase of the craze just now is George's plan to organize a woman's party allied to the Prohibitionists, with a view of forcing female suffrage just in order to abolish rum, which, says Mr. George, is woman's arch-enemy, the destroyer of domestic bliss, and the fiend of all evil. It cannot be denied that there is a spice of reason in this, and it is certain that the idea will take hold in some quarters without reference to the source whence it came and the object it has in view, which is George as President and Colonel Belva as Vice-President.

Think of the inauguration of George and Belva, a long procession of cranks of both sexes, with a vast banner of a strange device akin to the ensanguined garment of Pinkston Sherman and blazoned with a reversed bottle.

INTER-STATE COMMERCE.

The decision of the United States Supreme Court, which we published yesterday, involves the whole question of inter-State commerce. The Supreme Court of Illinois had declared a railroad company to be liable to prosecution for violation of a State law against freight discriminations in giving different rates to different shippers in Illinois for carrying their goods to New York. Justice Miller, in rendering the decision, says that however just and proper such legislation may be within a State relating to shipments beginning and terminating within the borders of the State it cannot be allowed to extend to a series of States without placing great restrictions and difficulties in the way of trade and trenching upon the exclusive power of Congress to regulate commerce between States. State laws regulating shipments beyond their own borders are declared unconstitutional. Chief-Justice Waite and Justices Bradley and Gray dissent, and declare that, Congress having failed to legislate to prevent discriminations, it is the province of the State to do so.

As a personal friend of the *Dispatch* we view with horror the idea of poking fun at that august oracle; but then, in our character of editor, we are forced to differ from that opinion, and remark that if our esteemed contemporary will take down the sacred dictionary it will find a beautiful description of the land terrapin, which, when approached, shuts itself up hermetically and will not give any sign of life.

City Treasurer Harlow, of Alexandria, made his official call on the Auditor yesterday, and offered the coupons which he had received in payment of a certain amount of taxes.

There must have been a scene when he declared his intention not to levy on those who stand on their tender of coupons; but whether it was pathetic, or officially a crusher for Harlow, is not known.

We urge the rule of Democracy in Virginia, and have done all in our power to solidify our party influence; but the people will soon see that it is the worst possible thing to put Democracy on force instead of right and law.

This is the age of education and enlightenment, and the masses of a party cannot any longer be led or commanded by leaders or bosses.

They must have sense, reason, and justice in a policy before they will support it.

The award of the seat for Londonderry to Justin McCarthy over his rival, Mr. Lewis, is a victory for the Parnell party in the very heart of the Orangemen.

It restores the aggregate of the Parnellites to the figure they attained in the memorable election of 1885, after they had lost one seat and thereby suffered considerable moral discomfiture at the time when the Irish leader and his friends had hoped to push their advantage.

SPECIAL AND PERSONAL.

Mr. Bartholdi is perfectly satisfied with the manner in which the statue has been put up.

Lady Churchill, who was once an American girl, has opened a "Primrose Lodge" with a "piquant oration."

Henry George is bald, but when he is Mayor his lady admirers think he will cause a more equitable adjustment of hair.

The ribald reporter says that Monsieur Edwards is showing the French visitors "Lelefong" of America. So there is a match to the Anglomaniac.

A "Hissing Club" undertakes in New York to destroy the bad plays, which is a big task, but when the managers buy the "Hissers" there will be an able corps of "clacquers."

The George boom is being whittled off rapidly, and the sail will soon wholly fail to catch the wind. And how sorry the great Socialist will be!

To expect a reversion and get a reverse
Is truly a dismal feature.
—*Washington Post.*

Mrs. A. T. Stewart was eighty years old, but so fresh and vigorous in appearance that the afternoon before her death she laughed at her doctor for cautioning her to be careful and drove to Central Park, thinking that she had ten good years yet to live.

Savernake and Dolly are now the picture cards in London gossip.

The gay young lord had a first-sight love attack when he beheld Dolly, and said: "Will you marry me?"

"You are drunk," said Dolly; and so he was; but all the same Dolly is a Marchioness.

"A Blaine Catholic of 1884" wants to know, through the Philadelphia *Times*, why, "if religion is part of the fixtures of Mr. Blaine's political property-room, he does not play the Catholics in their region as he played the Presbyterians in Philadelphia." We move that the matter be referred to Mr. Blaine's distinguished friend, the venerable Simon Cameron.—*Washington Critic.*

George Augustus Sala was supposed to lack that quality which, according to Father Dana, is necessary to the highest wisdom before one can be a journalist; but, behold, George proposes now to start a "Kitchen-Garden School for Girls," for why, says he, should my back-yard be monopolized by cats? The question of monopoly being brought to an issue between cats and girls, Mr. Sala prefers the girls.

The Chicago *Times* publishes this interesting item:

"Any lady wishing to adopt a young man can do so by addressing for five days T 58, *Times* office."

This affords rare advantages, as the lady may obtain a son or husband, the applicant being ready to be anything by adoption.

Numerous ladies in New York want to vote for Mayor, but whether they know which one to choose lies deep in the inscrutable uncertainty of the woman's suffrage problem.

The judges of election will have a good time when they come to explain their right to equality with the "tyrant man," as Colonel Belva Lockwood calls him.

The Ladies' Suffrage Committee, of New York, are up in arms against Corporation Counsel Lacombe for his recent opinion, which denies to women the right to vote. Mr. Lacombe had said to the inspectors that his office would resist to the utmost any effort by a woman to obtain a mandamus compelling an election inspector to take her vote.

In Missouri there is a county judge who undertook a little piece of alleged nullification by flying in the face of a United States Court decision. The United States marshal at once started to arrest the judge, but the judge took to the woods and is still maintaining the sacred sovereignty of Missouri in the hollow of a tree, while the marshal is guarding the paths of the forest.

A CURIOUS CASE.

A SUPPOSED DESERTER BEFORE A FEDERAL COURT MARTIAL.

Contradictory Character of the Evidence. The Court Nonplussed—A Captain's Advice—An Explanation Made After the Close of the War.

It was in the spring of 1865. Desertions were frequent from the rebel lines in front of Petersburg. Hugh Morris, a sergeant of a New Jersey regiment, had been reduced to the ranks. A detail for fatigue duty five miles away included Hugh. The following night a deserter who came in said he had a brother in the Union army, and on investigation it was ascertained to be Hugh. He was permitted to wait with Hugh's mess until his return. Meantime, the commanding officer of Hugh's regiment had been detailed away from his command, and his successor was ignorant of the facts above narrated. He received, shortly after assuming command, an order from headquarters to send Hugh Morris' brother there. He reported that Hugh was away on detail, and had no brother in the regiment. In doing so he (erroneously) signed the colonel's name in place of his own. The colonel had previously reported the deserter and obtained permission for him to wait for his brother's return. Meantime one of Gen. Meade's spies had come across the line and reported that Hugh had deserted and was giving the rebels all the information he could as to the Union army and position. The pretended brother was doubtless a rebel spy. It would seem, also, doubtless, that the colonel was in the game.

CHARGED WITH DESERTION.

Meade quietly ordered Wilcox's division to surround the New Jersey regiment, and placed every one in it under arrest. The rebel deserter could not be found. The officers of the regiment were furious. The next morning Fort Stedman was surprised and captured by the rebels, as is known in history. On the same day Hugh Morris returned to his regiment, and was immediately arrested and brought before a court martial for trial, charged with desertion. There was no evidence against him except the spy of Gen. Meade, before mentioned. But that was direct and conclusive. He was on the rebel outpost when Morris came in, himself seeking an opportunity to reach the Union lines. He accompanied Morris to the rear and slept with him that night in the prison barracks near Petersburg. While Morris was asleep he took from him his diary, and also cut from his head a lock of hair, both of which he showed before the court. The last entry in the diary was mention of the fact of detail to repair a locomotive engine. The clip of hair appeared to exactly match a sheared lock of Morris' head. Other than this and the fact that Morris had been reduced from sergeant to private and had expressed emphatic discontent, there was nothing against him. This, however, was absolute and convincing. Morris, in his defense, produced the four mechanics who were detailed with him to repair and replace the railroad engine, which had been thrown from the military railroad and seriously impaired. They testified that he was with them continuously and only left for his company when the job was completed, a short time before he in fact rejoined his company. He admitted the diary was his and made no explanation of the lock of hair. The mechanics who worked with him identified him particularly by the hat he wore, which had a peculiar feather in it, and also his coat sleeves showed the dark lines which had before been covered with the sergeant's chevrons. All the officers of his regiment testified to his uniform soldierly conduct through many campaigns and battles, and it also appeared that he had been deprived of his sergeant's rank because of communication with the enemy against express orders.

EXPLAINED AT LAST.

The court (of which the writer was president) was nonplussed by the evidence. It adjourned early until the next morning. Late that night they came to my tent one of the most reliable and conscientious captains in the whole army of the Potomac. I believed in him next to my Saviour. He simply said: "Morris ought not to be convicted," and went away. When the court reassembled a vote was taken by the ballots. There were eight blanks and one "Not guilty," and so the finding was recorded.

Two months after, when the war was over and the army at Washington, I was invited to take supper at the Washington house, corner Third and Pennsylvania avenues, by this man Morris. There were assembled every member of the court martial, besides citizen friends of the accused man from New Jersey. He then made the following statement:

"When the war broke out my brother was in business at Atlanta. I learned he was in our front before Petersburg as a member of the Thirteenth Alabama. I had been detailed to go on advance picket duty during the following night. Afterward came the order for a 'locomotive mechanic,' and the orderly sergeant changed my previous detail, sending me, the only man from the regiment, to assist in repairing the engine. Now, when you understand I had made arrangements with the rebel picket to meet my brother between the lines you can imagine I had no taste for that locomotive detail. My chum looked almost like my twin brother. He knew a little something about machine iron work. I told him the facts. He refused to go in my place unless the captain would consent. It was asking a good deal of the captain. Well, we swapped clothing and he went in my place. My brother missed me and came over to our side. I missed my brother and went over to their side. The Federal spy met me just as he testified, and I told him all the cock-and-bull stories I could think about the Union army. The assault on Fort Stedman was wholly unknown to me, but I got away in the melee and returned to my company. Then came the court martial. Had I told my story then as I do now I should have been shot at sunrise. But the facts you now know."

This man is now manager of the Michigan Southern railroad.—Army Officer in Milwaukee Telegraph.

A SCHOOL ON WHEELS.

Details of a Scheme for Instructing Freight Trainmen About Air Brakes.

Quite recently the Union Pacific company adopted Westinghouse air brakes, and have equipped all their freight cars with them, but by reason of a lack of knowledge on the part of trainmen in knowing how to operate the scheme correctly, annoyance and bad mistakes have been experienced. To remedy this, and bring railroading up to scientific principles, the school car has become a necessity.

They took the old directors' car, No. 21, repaired it thoroughly for the purpose intended, and will soon be ready to send it over the road. T. A. Hedendahl, an experienced and expert engineer, will be in charge of the car as superintendent and direct the instruction. The arrangement from which the trainmen will take their lessons in the use of the air brake is very fine and comparatively simple.

At the front end of the car stands a frame, on which rests thirty air chambers and 1,000 feet of pipe, just what would be required for an ordinary train of cars, and, in addition, there are also the wheels and gearing of a freight car, with the air brake attachment mounted on another frame about the center of the car. In the opposite end is stationed a very attractive engine, of about six horse-power capacity, while between this and the frames spoken of above is planted a steam chest, on which are the gauges valves and apparatus by which the engineer works the brakes.

With the steam engine and pumps; main reservoir in which compressed air is stored; engineer's brake valve, which regulates the flow of air from the reservoir into the brake pipe for releasing the brakes; main brake pipe and auxiliary reservoir brake cylinder; triple valve which connects the brake pipe with the auxiliary reservoir and the latter to the brake cylinder; the car model completely equipped and the full complement for a complete train, you would imagine that the car is well filled, but such is not the case.

The remaining space, which is nicely carpeted, gives ample room for twenty men at a time to watch the operations of the machinery and listen to Mr. Hedendahl's explanations and instructions. He stands at the main reservoir and by working the engineer's brake valve causes the air chamber cylinders to move out and in, the same as when in use on cars that are on a track in a train and in motion. His instructions are minute as to detail, covering every point, supposing many things that might occur in case of accident.—Omaha Republican.

A Young Woman's Idea.

Another Brooklynite with an idea is a young woman who lives in Smith street. She is 24, bright, sensible, industrious and nervy. About two years and a half ago her father died. He was an Englishman and had been in the butcher's line in a small way. A few hungry creditors gobbled the little shop and carted part of the furniture out of the house. Then the landlord turned out to be even more wolfish than the creditors. He took the rest of the furniture for a trifling arrears in rent and actually set the young woman and her 10-year-old sister into the street. Their mother had died several years before. Not a solitary person was there in Brooklyn or New York to whom the young woman could look for aid. She had no accomplishments and she was not strong enough physically to perform much hard manual labor. But she didn't sit down think it over. As there was no channel open to her she proceeded to create one.

Everybody has seen the hams that swing from hooks in front of meat shops. They are as typical of the butcher's trade as three gilded balls are of the pawnbroker's or a striped pole of the barber's. They look like the genuine, sugar-cured articles, but they are mere pretenses—dummies filled with sawdust. The Smith street young woman had made several of these for her father's shop. It occurred to her that she might sell some elsewhere. So she made a couple of the dummy hams. Good luck came at once. She sold the pair, and got orders for more. It took a good deal of hard work, but she got a kind of dummy ham trade started. Now two women besides herself are busy every day in the little back room of the Smith street house sewing bags of yellow cloth which are exact counterparts of those used for genuine hams. In the same room the energetic young woman's little sister and another little girl stuff the bags with sawdust from a bin in the corner, tie up the tops and paste labels on the bags just like those on real hams, giving the false presentment a very plausible exterior. From being set into the street without a penny in her pocket two and a half years ago, the butcher's daughter now has a comfortable home and a growing bank account, and she finds the demand for dummy hams so large that she and her assistants have their hands full all the time.—Brooklyn (N. Y.) Eagle.

The Hot Corn Vender.

"Sometimes," said a corn vender to a reporter one night, "the police object to my selling corn on the street, but they are easily squared when I give them an extra fine ear. Do I make any money? Well, yes, a little. Me and the old woman in the daytime husk and bile the corn, and at night me and Jim (pointing to a boy less than 7 years old) do the selling. I have been selling corn in Brooklyn—let me see—for nearly twenty years. Time was when I got as much as ten and fifteen cents an ear, but now I think myself lucky if I can get five. But then corn was higher in them days. It's not such an easy matter as you would suppose to run a hot corn stand. I get up in the morning at 4 o'clock and go to the Wallabout market and buy my corn. What do I pay? Sometimes fifteen cents a dozen, sometimes more, sometimes less. I have often sold as many as 400 ears of corn in a day and night. Hot corn, Mister? Big or little kernels?" asked the vender of an approaching customer. When the latter had signified his choice, the vender quickly snatched an ear from the boiling pot, and having wiped it, proceeded to dress it. The latter process consisted of rubbing the ear thoroughly with butter and shaking salt and pepper on it. It was then handed to the customer, who eagerly watched the vender's movements, his eyes the while expressing expectancy.—Brooklyn (N. Y.) Eagle.